

THE  
L I F E  
AND SURPRISING  
ATCHIEVEMENTS,  
REAL AND TRULY  
SINGULAR ADVENTURES,  
OF  
SAMUEL SIMKINS, Esq.

P. R. S. & M. P.

( F O U N D E D O N F A C T S )

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L I F E I S A J E S T .

G A Y .

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I N T W O V O L U M E S .

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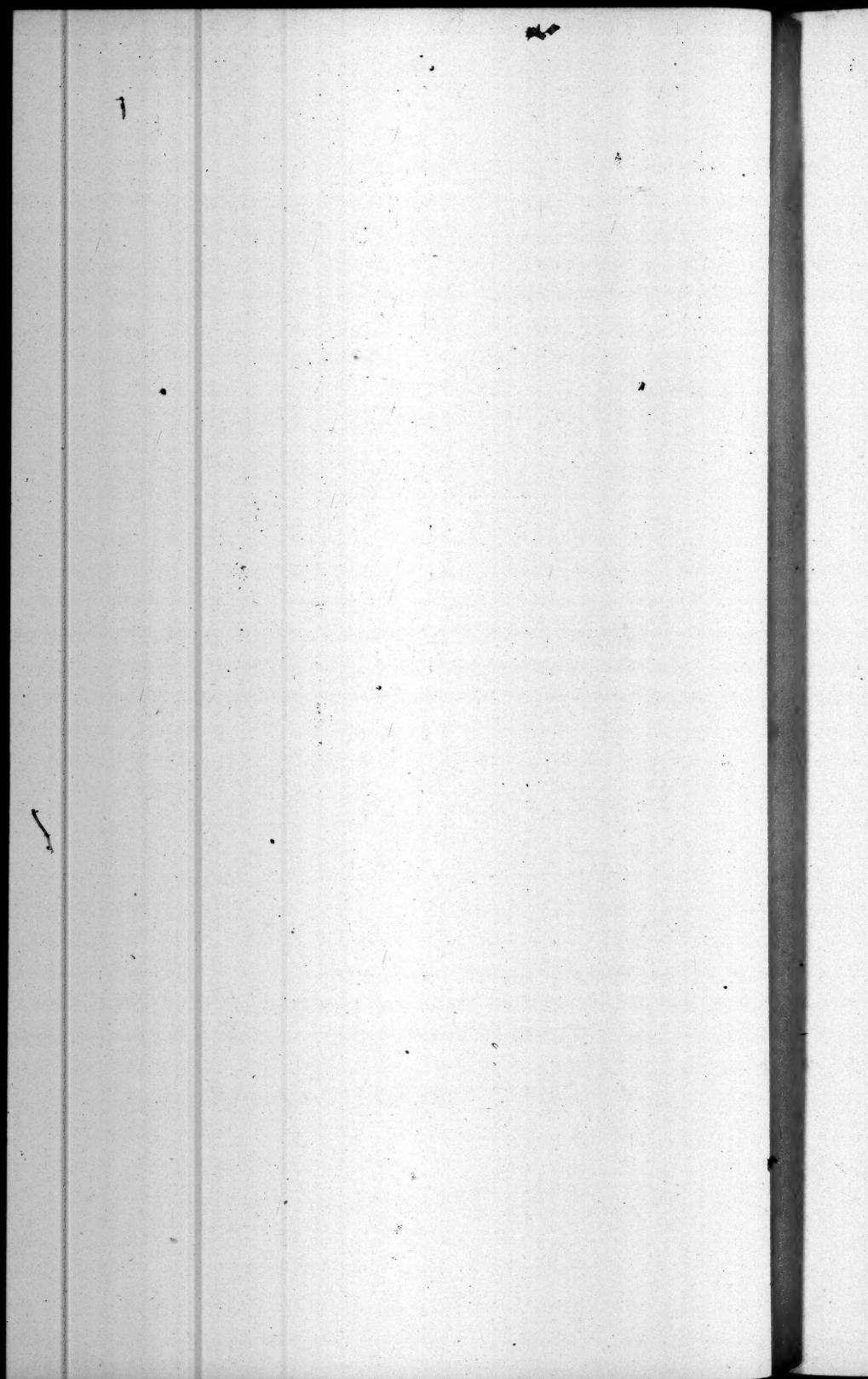
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V O L . I I .

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L O N D O N .

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THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
SAMUEL SIMKINS, Esq;  
F. R. S. & M. P.

VOL. II.

CHAP. XIII.

A Sketch of a celebrated Character—which the Reader may easily recollect, if he recurs to a former Chapter,

AN eulogium on the present Tabid, and Tepid, encouragers of erudition, would appear not only a subterfuge for

A bombast;

bombast ; but, a tergiversation we would  
 wish to avoid the appellation of :—Yet to  
 pass over the fields for a flowry crop with-  
 out a note on the autumnal increase might  
 begot a pyrrhonism we would not easily  
 get over, by a supposition of the want of  
 genius—or a tardy exercise of it ;—there-  
 fore to preserve an equiponderancy of  
 character—we shall not omit the present  
 opportunity, but make such observes on  
 the highest genius that illumines the hemi-  
 sphere of literature, or in terrestrial simile,  
 the only harvest plant that the Knights of  
 the Quill have to boast of as a patron,  
 protector, and I was going to say, encou-  
 rager of literature, but in this particular we  
 must beg leave to refer it the reader's  
 better

better judgment, when the outlines of the drawing are given, which are governed by a discriminate observance of the tints, which to use a technical phrase of art, have been brushed up previous to an attempt to give a likeness.

Most painters and poets flatter the subject they wish to exhibit—to us it is foreign from our wish to flatter or defame, *Le droit maintien*, is our motto.

Sir Thomas Sapschull, the character we allude to, was of that family, who had been from time immemorial the true duple, which our language, by a certain termination, calls it duplicity ;—or as the modern

refines are pleased to stile it.—Double  
 tongued.—But to define what this phrasical  
 appellation means, it is only necessary to  
 say, that it means the whole system of the  
 beautiful and the sublime, called Chester-  
 fieldism —A sort of magic that raises the  
 altar of praise from all the points of the  
 subdivided compass—at the cheap rate of a  
 feigned complacence—a pretended love for  
 literary brats indiscriminately, and an  
 ostentatious shew of munificience to grap-  
 ple at adulatory fame, by an occasional  
 permission of dedicatory trumpery, whereby  
 the bookseller handed over the bribe of  
 vanity, which the penurious composer  
 swelled to ten times the sum, and in the  
 loftiest strain of dilatated puff—set the  
 donator's



donator's beneficence above the region of the atmosphere, whereby these flatulent encomiums were known in every corner of the British empire, so that every petty-dealer in tropes, figures and habiliment of words—were not wanting in their infusing a glut of unintelligent egreious fustain, which has been carefully fostered by all the succeeding branches of the Sapsculs, who are full represented in the present heir of that ancient family :—for Sir Thomas is in every particular the elegant character Lord Chesterfield aimed to finish his heavy headed son, Philip, forasmuch, as nothing can escape the capacious scope of this Baronet, who plumes himself on his taste, abilities, and literary fame, without a grain  
of



of any solid grounds to support this ideal fabric.

To this gentleman several eccentric characters owe their fortuitous emolument, amongst the numerous company of authors—whose untimely itch for scribbling shew the awful want of fecundity in the concavity of the head, wherein Anatomists place the brains; for their whole stock of pathetic trimmings, have been known to be exhausted in chapter the first, and no trace of it left in the succeeding,—melancholy divisions of their works, which book-makers; by way of mechanic statement of their ideas in composition, make as rests, or delays, to mend their pens, step out for  
sheet

sheet of paper, or even a glass of—g—n, or any thing else they may stand in need of, else the inequality of length in those subdivisions, which are pompously denominated sections—chapters—and sometimes books, would not be so glaringly inconsistent.

But as the ligaments of discourse are often lost by a digressional polygon—we are under the necessity of a resumption of the Adventures of the Hero of those Memoirs—and previous to the dismissal of the subject of this chapter, we shall only remark,—that Mrs. Magpye represented our hero to Sir Thomas, as the phenomenon of the age?—His parts, abilities  
and

and ocumenic powers beyond all degrees of superlative recital—which raised a desire in the patronizer of genius to have an interview with the subject of her eulogy—which took place at a subsequent period, when a prescience of either party was had and shall be brought forward in its proper place, as it is time to speak of the adventures of our hero, who is now buffetting dangers on the boisterous element.

## C H A P. XIV.

The Shipwreck; or, a Lesson of Morality for the  
Sapscull's Interest.

**M**R. Simkins having spent his season—and almost all his money, at Bath—he began to think that, that dissipated seat of voluptuousness required an independent fortune to support the extravagant title of a gentleman, and that profession could not be followed there with any degree of success, short of that of a libertine, and a downright gambler, he therefore wisely concluded,



cluded, that either of those professional talents were above (or suppose we say, below) his acquisition—for, he had lost a good deal of the low conning, and false principles which he imbibed in the liberal profession of the law—and was really, what the world call an honest man,—that is to say—he desired only credit for the sums within his power to disburse—which to a man of fashion was an odious principle, and indeed the very opposite of that conduct which the Beau Monde apply to the gentleman of honour—but Sam, like the ass in the fable, remembered he was only the son of a taylor !

Many



Many men of less abilities than our hero, would have enlisted into the corps of adventures in this sink of intrigue, being in his full bloom of youthful vigour, and withal a handsome proportionable man, so that he might hit off something considerable, but the lovely image of Miss Finch always floated before his eyes ;—therefore it was vain to suppose any other object could supplant her in the seat she occupied in his breast ; and as he considered her only deserving of his affections, he was impregnable against all the attacks of a troop of Cyprian Nymphs, together with a regiment of old maids—wives—widows—and celebrated toasts ;—and he had so great a mastery over his passions, that he quitted  
the

the rooms of ceremonial intrigue, without a single amour of fashionable folly.

Whether he was culpable for such a neglect, on his part, to fulfil the due routine of etiquette in the gay circle of life, to which he might have aspired with great safety, we shall not determine, save only, by an observation on his conduct, name'y, that he shewed more virtue than could be expected from a person of his loose morals:—for hitherto he had only practiced his faith to suit his purse, whether in a temporal or spiritual sense; however the utility of such a pliant and supple suit of features was now really serviceable—yet in this governing

governing conduct it may be supposed it was the result of a passion of love than his natural or a acquired habit of disposition.

He arrived in London just in time to offer himself as a volunteer to Mr. D—y, the Irish manager, and enlisted in his regiment of comedians at an advance salary.

Having thus earnested his employ in future, he, according to the theatrical mode, took his birth in the Irish Transport at King's-Stairs, Rotherhithe, leaving his mother twenty pieces, reserving to himself only five, he sailed for the Hibernian shore.

Three days gave the vessel an opportunity to come within the confines of that pleasant Isle, called Wight, to the south of the coast of Hampshire, into whose divisions it is usually included, but for what cause several respectable personages have been unable to divine.

But by Mr. Granville, Sharp's New System of Patriotism, it is plainly demonstrated, that the Hogs of Hampshire having swam from Portsmouth Point to Cowes in the afore said Island, and there destroyed the whole plantation of the Anglo-Saxons, who in revenge for this barbarous outrage of the brutes, slew five hundred and forty hogs, including boars, fows and  
barrow



barrow pigs—so that the plains were stained with the blood of innocent animals who never before had broke through the laws of society; but alas! what can excuse the unfortunate victims of fate, if the cruel hand of unrelenting perfidy gains our ascendancy?—Death!—Untimely death—Ay—The poor animals perished in one day—Five hundred and forty in number.—Though they flew with the edge of their tusks forty-five hardy knights!

A war ensued—the Celtic race, that inhabited the hundreds of Hampshire espoused the cause of their brethren—and in a formidable invasion made themselves  
masters



masters of the Island, putting all opposers to the sword, and annexed their whole Island to their dominions—and for the other curious accounts of the Hampshire hogs, we refer to the said Treatise, where the reader will find wonderful employ for a thirsty desire of knowledge—if his taste is of the romantic order, and able to swallow by wholesale a parcel of historical facts, that none besides this respectable author—(not Urquhart or Buchanan excepted) ever attempted to face the history of our Island, beyond the days of Noah's flood!—

At this antient Island the vessel, in which our hero was a passenger sprung a  
leak

leak—foul weather obliged them to stand to sea; the Captain essayed to make Weymouth—but in vain—and they got round Portland, and stood away for Torbay. Two hard blowing days gave them sight of Mountsbay—and then they stood up St. George's Channel, with four feet water in the hold, and ran before wind, until their arrival off Pallely, on the South Coast of Cærnarvonshire—when the ship foundered—but by a kindness of Providence, the long boat arrived safe on the coast with all the passengers, nine in number, and the crew, consisting of the Captain and seven seamen:—thus Heaven was pleased to save the lives of the whole company, although they had given up all

B

hopes

hopes, several days preceding this fortunate hour;—and though bereft of all their worldly substance, yet they considered themselves blessed beyond all measure, to arrive on terra firma, at a time that every hope had vanished, and nothing but a terrific prospect of approaching death engaged all their ideas!—Figure to yourselves you sons of dissipation—you unexperienced beings, who never have changed a night's situation from your downy pillows or luxurious enjoyments, what you would suffer were you to engage with the hardships of a boisterous element, where every particle seemed to oppose itself in the name of an enemy, to stay you from the Haven of safety!

—Shrink,

—Shrink, you wights, into your beings of non-entity, who want feelings on such occasions.—

In this case our hero thought himself happy in the extreme, nor was he forgetful of the Divine Being, to whom he owed so much thankful remembrance for his late miraculous deliverance, but with the greatest fervency of zeal, offered up his tributary thanksgivings—thus far he shewed himself a Christian, although he was entered into a profession that the world in general speaks so lightly of, as though they had no souls to heed Christian care—but are ranked as outcasts of society.



We differ from several other mortals in our ideas, and only beg leave to say, we are inclined to believe, that an actor or an actress, can lay claim to as much of the true Christian spirit, as any of the devotees who assume the sanctity of a religious profession ; for the avocations of such an employ, don't, nor can't exclude the performer from an active understanding, and a convinced opinion of the merits of a Saviour, a love for whom, and a charitable heart for mankind, constitute the whole code of what prelates and sectaries, nay, what kingdoms and nations have shed oceans of blood for, as the true faith, when the whole is reducible to these two plain propositions ; the solving of which, grants salvation, unlimitedly, to all the seed of Adam.

CHAP.



## CHAP XV.

## OF ACCIDENTS.

“**T**O dine with Duke Humphry!”—  
says a son of the sock, (who was one of  
the preserved lives on board, or rather  
on shore) to Mr. Simkins, in the absence  
of a young 'Squire who had given them  
all welcome to his seat, a few miles dis-  
tant from the place of their landing.—

“Why exclaim thus?”—interrogated  
Sam—

“Because he is the Duke Humphry  
“of their antient depressed Britons,” says  
the wag of Momus's court.—

“ I should thank you for an interpretation of your enigmatical expressions ?” rejoined our hero—“ To this, the following is quantum sufficit,”—says the wayward genius—and then proceeded as follows :—

“ You must know, Sir,—that last  
 “ night I found the small beer and barley  
 “ bread of our hotel, rather disagreeable  
 “ —I therefore came to a resolve to adventure in the knight-errantry of the  
 “ country adjacent—in order to which I  
 “ set out—but not like Don Quixote to  
 “ encounter windmills, towers, asses, and  
 “ geese, but on the contrary, to make  
 “ free with all the works of creation,  
 “ whether animate or inanimate—and to  
 “ this

“ this intent I made free with the right-  
 “ hand man of the 'Squire, who just  
 “ now left us—who, I believe, acts in all  
 “ the capacities of Scrub in the Strata-  
 “ gem, for like brother Martin, I gained  
 “ the whole of the secrets of the family ;  
 “ —but as there was no Foigard to be  
 “ dreaded, I came off with flying colours—  
 “ to be brief—this same 'Squire, whose  
 “ ancestry has taken the name ever since  
 “ the demise of the great Duke of that  
 “ name, whom this family claim an he-  
 “ reditary representation of—for Hum-  
 “ phry is the constant Christian name of  
 “ all the Castlegwynn 'Squires—and this  
 “ Humphry Gwynn, who is the son of a  
 “ Welch gentleman, of great consequence  
 “ in

“ in this part of the Island of Great Bri-  
 “ tain, is now an invalid, or valetudina-  
 “ rian in France—so that the young  
 “ chick can take what liberty he pleases  
 “ with the tenantry, or the adjacent vil-  
 “ lagers.

“ The most exquisite beauty I ever  
 “ beheld—is this captive, which he took  
 “ a few days ago at a country wake,  
 “ over which his father annually pre-  
 “ sides as Governor and Lord of the  
 “ Manor.

“ In the 'Squire's absence the young  
 “ man did this duty of his fire—but in-  
 “ stead of protecting the injured or op-  
 pressed,



“ pressed, he has betrayed an innocent  
 “ and virtuous young lady, who seems  
 “ determined to die, rather than yield to  
 “ his unlawful desires ; however, this  
 “ night is the last of her grace, and after-  
 “ wards compulsory means are to be  
 “ used.

“ For my part, I feel, without having  
 “ a cause for it, for the charming crea-  
 “ ture who is to be sacrificed to such an  
 “ unliked brute ; but, if you consent,  
 “ we shall contrive her escape from the  
 “ arms of the ravisher ; and although I  
 “ love variety, in some respects, yet,  
 “ with such a one, I think I could pass  
 “ my

“ my days with truth and sincerity, equal  
 “ to Elysium. Oh ! the charmer ;—I  
 “ can’t help being heated with a tender-  
 “ ness for so much youth, beauty, and  
 “ virtue, in distress ! Pray, Mr. Sim-  
 “ kins, exercise your talent this evening  
 “ —let’s strive to do one feat of chivalry,  
 “ and release a devoted innocent ?

“ Good God !—cried Sam—sure it is  
 “ not my charming Charlotte ?——but  
 “ wherefore do I rave ?—she’s in Lon-  
 “ don ; yet, a mind of forebodings, says  
 “ my dearest is removed to some remote  
 “ place, perhaps here—though it is im-  
 “ probable, yet not impossible :

“ I’ll

“ I’ll mount betimes, without remorse  
or dread !

“ And my first step shall be on the  
ravisher’s head !

“ — No more !—I’ll hear no more !”—

says the hero of the sock—“ But let us

“ try our skill, and forego all doubts and

“ fears, until we are masters of the field ;

“ as for my part, whether she is a maid,

“ wife, or widow, I will exert all my

“ power, to free her from the tyrant who

“ usurps an authority over so charming

“ a creature ; therefore, as a votary to

“ injured beauty, as Cuban says—

‘ I’ll pluck the veryest fury of

‘ Irreconciled vengeance——

‘ Ere I let evil go unpunished.’

“ Burst

“ Burst you cataracts—pour down your  
 “ torrents on my flooded crown !—Roll  
 “ liquid fire—direct your deadly blow,  
 “ and rest your hurling globe with-  
 “ in the vortex of this skull !—Blow rag-  
 “ ing tempest—crack your dilated cheeks  
 “ and bear some ancient fabric on this  
 “ whole length, if I relinquish the zeal-  
 “ ous task of assisting to protect injured  
 “ virtue !” cried Simkins.

“ Somewhat too much of Quixotic  
 “ imprecations,” cries his companion.—  
 “ Hey day,”—interrupted half-a-dozen  
 heroes of the drama—“ What have we  
 “ got here ? Tragedians or Comedians ?  
 “ for surely you were repeating some of  
 “ the



“the sorrowful sounds of Thespis in  
“distress.”—

“Not they,”—replied the captain of  
the wrecked vessel—“it was a vow of  
“mutual alliance, to a power unknown.”

“Perhaps to Pluto,” says one.—  
“Nay, rather Proserpine,” cried another—

“Be steady,”—cried the Captain—I  
“know Mr. Simkins is a gentleman of  
“too much sense to be moved by trifles :  
“—Pray, Sir,”—addressing himself to  
“Sam—What might the secret be—is it  
“a mat-

“ a matter, that an unanimity might tend  
 “ to effect ?—if so, I will answer for these  
 “ gentry (pointing to the Knights of the  
 “ Double Order) [Sock and Buskin]—  
 “ and for these honest fellows (to his  
 “ crew) that they will assist in any enter-  
 “ prize of consequence, where true honor,  
 “ and a just cause, are the latitude and  
 “ longitude of the country ; I will be  
 “ bold to say, they will veer a point from  
 “ the due course of their destination, tho’  
 “ a storm of opposition should bear hard  
 “ in their teeth—so that I will underwrite  
 “ the insurance of the general stock.”

“ Thank ye,”—cried the passengers—  
 the sailors bowed—when Mr. Simkins  
 gave

gave a detail of the lady who was in such jeopardy as his friend related.

A council of war was held, and as they all agreed to stand by each other, it was concluded upon *nem. con.* that the fair captive should be liberated at the hazard of their lives; and although the 'Squire shewed a liberality not usual to be met with in country-bred young men, yet as they had no occasion to stand in need of relief, was there a place of public entertainment near, for the Captain generously offered his passengers and servants access to his purse, which was stored with some hundreds, which probably bore a ratio of  
fifty

fifty, to a low fraction, that he possessed more solid oriental metal than the residue of the company, if collected into an aggregate sum—but as it is immaterial to our purpose to note the weight of the pockets of those we introduce to the company of the reader, we only venture to say, that the whole body politic, was an happy union of resolution, conduct and bravery, which, for particular reasons, we must postpone the result of such united powers to the next Chapter, as it is time to breathe a few minutes, for precipitancy is a very dangerous step for a reader—but much more so for a writer—and agreeable to the adage—

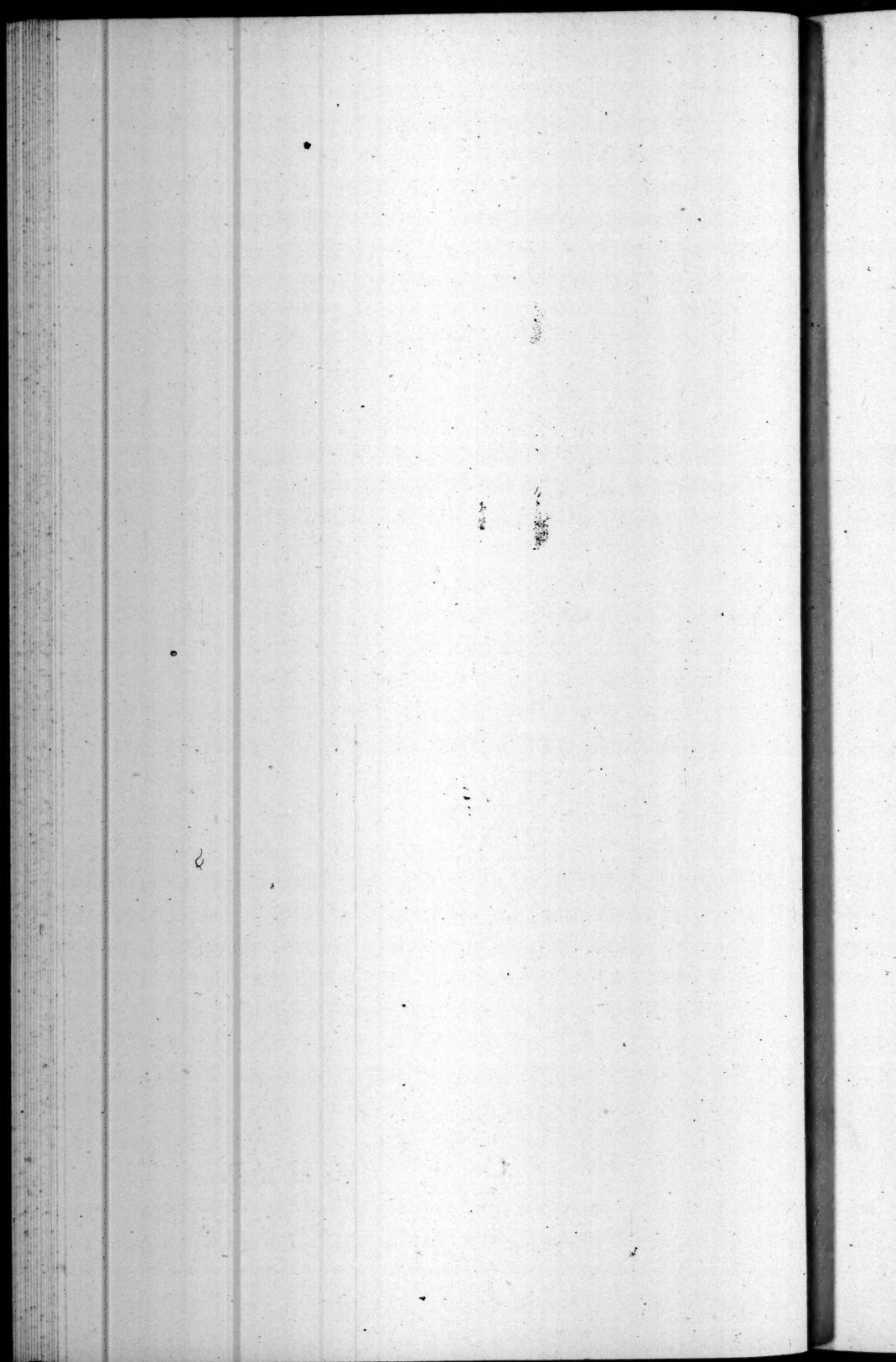
“ The



“The galloping horse frequently  
tumbles—

“Whilst the walking steed seldom  
stumbles.”





## CHAP XVI.

What the Reader, perhaps, expected—or, perhaps never dreamed of:—However a necessary supplement to the foregoing.——

*Beteer the Zany had ne'er been born,  
Who butts the roast of public scorn ;  
And better he had ne'er been bred,  
Who rates the living with the dead.*

RAND.

THE application of a Motto to a new subject, is somewhat like the views of an Astronomer from his observatory, he need only eye the direction and give

it a name, whether of living or fabricated objects, so that he can acquit himself of the trouble of a second optic journey over the wide spreading prospect :—

In like manner, the medlers in trifles, which carry with them, the consequential language of their authors, can review the field before them—I mean in idea :—Or as Shakespear has it :—“ The mind’s Eye :”—And so tell the reader any tale of some few Sentences—or even of Chapters in continuæ, to shew something like the scrap quoted :—And further to illustrate beauties of such haberdashery in composition, it may be said to be analogous to the Portsmouth Taylor—who  
shewed



shewed the honest unsuspecting Tars, superfine patterns to chuse by, but made up his garments of a commodity, which was of a quality far inferior :—but having agreed previous to the delivery for his price, no fault was found in the work, provided it was of the same colour : therefore our dealings in patterns, is only to give the reader a relish for a snack of hashed grammatical tropes, or a fricassée of some half a dozen lines taken from the pantry of Milton, Shakespear, Pope, Addison, or Swift—or any other of the celebrated victualers in the literary line of accommodation ;—which will serve for a seasoning, so that through drowth, the the reader will swallow copiously of the

work in question to quench his thirst.

But to carry on the main plot—our last scene was the conversation, item :—and now we shall rise the curtain—as it is the commencement of the third act.

Three o'clock P. M.—the shipwrecked gentry and sailors made their entre.—The Squire gave them welcome to his castle.—Dinner on the table—served according to rank—plenty of what was good, and some old Hock, which made the host a character of great figure in the eyes of all, except our hero, who saw clearly, that the ostentatious aim of this young gentleman, was to cover, by a favourable rumour, the character he might be drawn in  
by

by those who suffered by his cruel treatment; therefore he never lost sight of his errand—which was not to feast—but to assist the lady, who was, during this merry making, in all probability, pining under her misfortunes, whilst her captor presided over the meeting of this jovial crew; who, in their convivial glasses, could not support an idea of deceit in their benefactor, so that the whole burden of this arduous undertaking lay on the shoulders of Mr. Simkins, for his former colleague had forgot the tie of honour, which was knotted so faithfully, and our hero took the whole business on his own account.

During the time of taking a chearful  
glass, our hero stepped into the yard to  
seek for a stray room window.—

His eyes were scarcely cast up—when  
his ears were assailed—with——

“ Oh, my dear Mr. Simkins !—My  
“ dear delivering Angel !—You are a  
“ thousand times welcome——fly to my  
“ arms !——

Pray gentle reader—if ever you were  
in love—or your faculties touched by  
such a passion—(though you never were  
in Bedlam)—or if any of your relations  
—died—went mad—or crazy through  
the



the means of this ungovernable passion—  
 pray take pity on the subject of our history  
 —poor Sam Simkins—and consider his  
 feelings for two minutes—or if you are in  
 a hurry only for one and an half, and we  
 will be bold to say you will pity him—  
 and if a lover yourself, you cannot re-  
 frain from tears.——

“ Oh ! my Charlotte ! my life ! my  
 “ soul ! is it you my prophetic spirit  
 “ sought after ? ——Heavens what do I  
 “ see ?—My only care—my only wish  
 “ to hear of.—She’s here a captive !”——

——Then rushing up stairs, without  
 ceremony, he entered the room, up two  
 pair

pair of stairs, notwithstanding a clown, with an old musquet, sat at the door as a centinel, who gave way immediately for Mr. Simkins—who, with the fierceness of a lion, commanded him to unlock the door, which the wretch obeyed, with visible marks of dread and fear of our hero, who had a drawn sword in his hand.

We only refer to the conceptive faculties to form something adequate to the embrace of these two Lovers :—for certain this interview was an unrestrained salute.—They unfolded each other—a reciprocal congratulation—a flood of tears poured forth as the torrent of joy—  
kisses

kisses and embraces innumerable—Love played his incoherent pranks—so that a space of fifteen minutes elapsed, ere they considered their situation, or that an enemy occupied the premises ; for has Heaven had ordered this meeting, by a singular string of eventual incidents, it may not be unworthy of remark, that those linked correspondences of providential care, are the true measures of a lively faith, in that Beneficent power, whose province it is to bestow, as well as to protect.

As soon as they collected their scattered ideas, they hastened down—and on their entering the room, found the Squire  
in

in a vein of pleasantry, giving a trait of his Ward, whom he described as a London prostitute.

Ye Gods ! What was the contrast now !——Face to face——Innocence and Virtue, aided be Truth, opposed to De-ciet and Vice, supported by Falsehood.

The Squire was struck dumb for five minutes continuance ere he could speak——but see a different turn——and hear a contrary tone :——

Storm —— Whirlwind —— Tempest  
——a Hurricane !——

The



The mask fell off—the good-natured 'Squire was all rage and fury ;—and he loaded his guests with epithets of rogues, vagabonds, beggars, impostors, thieves, and many other titles equally untrue ; and with a thousand menaces, threatened their liberty and lives, if they did not immediately disperse or withdraw, and to leave the captive in the state she was found in.

The whole company was now fully convinced that they were led into an error, to form so favorable an opinion as they had done by this sham benevolence, assumed by Humphrey Gwynn.

A mob,

A mob, consisting of upwards of an hundred, were instantly assembled, composed of the vassals of this absolute imperious coxcomb, who, more through fear than love, shewed their allegiance.—The consequence was, a battle ensued on their attempting to carry off the prize.

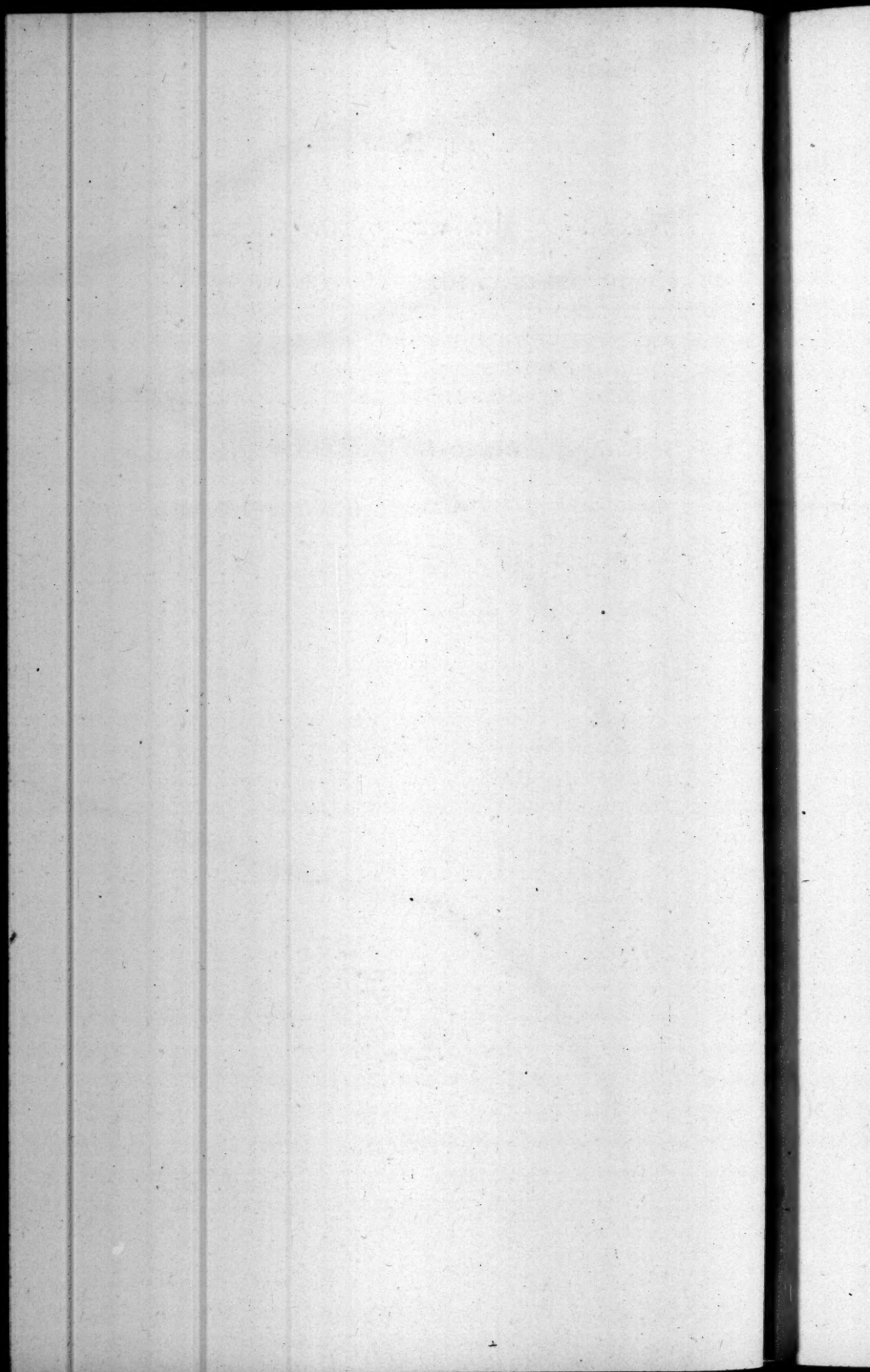
An Homerican pen is here wanting to describe the merits of the fight ; in which the cause of virtue prevailed in its accustomed manner over vice;—for the gentlemen of the parlour company, who wore swords, and the kitchen heroes had good bludgeons, so that the Apjones's, Apmorgan's, and Apmonis's were constrained

strained to give way to the victorious champions of virtue.

They gained the Town of Rhulany, that night, where we shall leave them to take their usual natural rest, and return to our usual stated resting place; the only comfort an author can take, to say he has arrived safe to the end of the chapter.



*C H A P.*





CHAP XVII.

AT LONDON.

—*They'll be no Friends,  
Without their Ends.*—

ANON.

Gaffer Jones having carefully communicated the whole of the Glynn Gwyffryd adventure to his mistress, omitting no part of the story, and honestly acknowledged he and his dame were in the fault to entice Miss Finch thither.— The letter arrived at the very juncture of Lord Elmsley's arrival in England; who, it was supposed, had been long

D

since

since dead, but hearing no account of his relations, gave up the further pursuit of them.

Mrs. Bamfield having had a heavy fit of sickness, in which her life was despaired of, and in which she was sensibly touched by the pangs of her conscience, for she had wronged her niece out of several thousands which were left by that young lady's mother; but to no purpose were her resolves, Miss Bamfield taking upon herself, at all times to controul her mother in any thing that pertained to the welfare of Miss Finch; so that the animosity which subsisted, and still existed between the younger relatives, was  
only

only on the one side, namely, the baleful influence of prejudice, envy, and detraction ; for in the character of an old maid the fretful Miss Bamfield saw each angle of the reflector, with malignant eyes of jealous discontent ; and grieved at the happiness of the whole race of her sex.

To attempt an exact representation of the foibles of any character introduced to the reader, would be an invidious design that would in no ways redound to the intellectual good qualities of our author ; therefore, we forego a further description of the whimsicality, or whatever else the spleen of old maids can be compared to, and record the anecdotes that concord with our history.

What the late illness might have wrought on the mind of Mrs. Bamfield, we don't pretend to define, but to remark only, that, that lady seemed to think her conduct respecting her niece, was not the true doctrine of a charitable faith, as her compunction seemed to evince; for she became a strenuous opposer of her daughter's schemes against Charlotte; and in an active sense of her errors, set on foot a most vigilant enquiry concerning this mal-treated young lady.

The efforts to discover her retreat proved abortive, as Gaffer Jones was never able to find out the person in whose custody his ward was detained; for had  
he



he been assured she was conveyed to Castlegwyn, he would have gone in search of her long before this time, and have given Mrs. Bamfield a further account.

It has been remarked by many men of genius and learning, that the spirit of criticism has shewn no fruits of real merit; but on the contrary, the evil and infernal breathings of slander; the very production that originally was engendered by the arch-fiend himself,—so that the base employ of detractors, in a literary profession, shew how bitter the invectives of envy work upon the mind of these venomous animals, called Critics :—a set of vain,

wicked, and abandoned wretches, who pine at the prosperity of their neighbours, and are truly miserable, in proportion to the happiness of others.

Of this stamp was a certain author of a monthly publication, who paid his addresses to the antiquated Miss Bamfield.

Mr. Paragraph Venomall, was the splenetic paramour of the agreeable Miss Bamfield.—What a couple !—sure never were matched two-beings, who came nearer to each other in disposition, than this pair.

A Reviewer and an Old Maid——

What's

What's the odds ?

Both eat up with venom !

Both soaked in vinegar !

Both drenched with verjuice !

Both envious, peevish, detractors !

Both mean, pitiful, and easily influenced,  
with a thousand other peculiarities equal-  
ly comparative : from the power of either  
—may the gods deliver us !

This man I'd shun as much as Hell,

That woman fly, nor near her dwell :

Both alike base, mean, malicious,

Wicked, cruel, proud, suspicious !

BARC.

The well-matched couple agreed, and in

a few weeks the duty of Hymen made them one flesh, according to law,—for they were previously of one mind according to nature ; so that law and nature had combined to unite two of the most congenial human creatures in any quarter of the globe.

The now Mrs. Venomall, was the wife of an author and a critic, therefore, claimed not a little consequence.

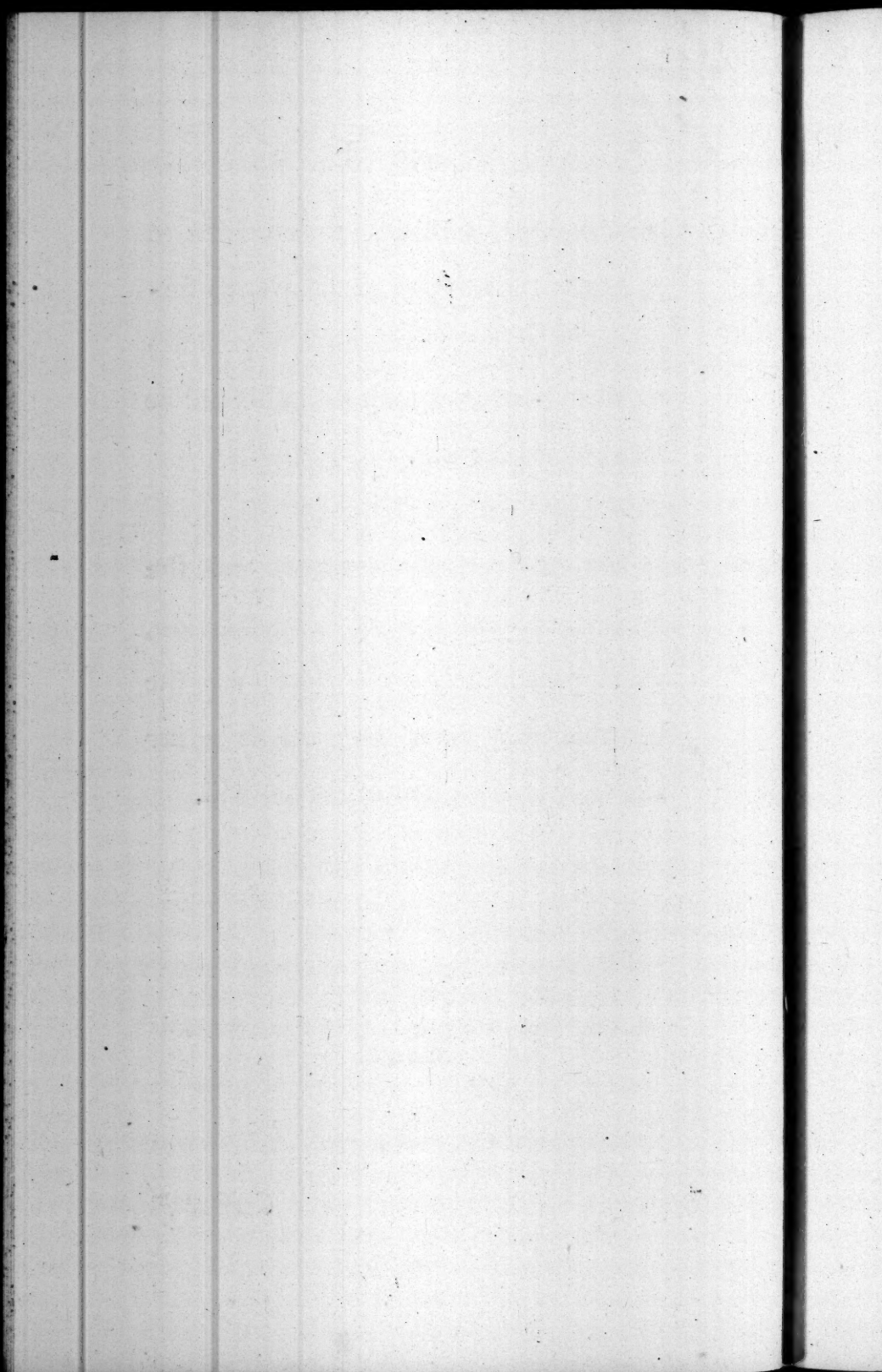
Mrs. Bamfield was now left alone, her domestics only, her companions.—She had time to reflect ; and being fully disengaged from the disagreeable reflections which were the general topics of  
her



her daughter, she came to a resolve to pay over the amount of Charlotte's fortune, (which was three thousand pounds) into her hands, as soon as she should be able to find her out.

Her health daily decayed, and she shewed evident signs of her dissolution, which prematurely took place, ere she had made any other arrangement in her affairs, than by a bequest in her will.





C H A P. XVIII.

*AS Bede, of old, relates the story,  
Cambria, renown'd for Saints,  
Who all have claim'd the heights of glory,  
Cur'd the land of deadly taints.*

CHAUC.

*They journey'd onward, many a mile,  
And cut the coach-track inside ev'ry stile.*

RAND.

FROM WALES TO LITCHFIELD.

**E**ARLY the next morning, they set out from Rhulany, a village or townland, about ninety miles from Shrewsbury;—but as it was a country which abounded with

with but few carriages for conveyance, or roads that would admit of a carriage, the steepness of ascent and descent were so considerable ; and by a regular and easy pace, they arrived at Shrewsbury, as pedestrian travellers.

Captain Rice, the leader of the van, was a gentleman of good parts, and real abilities ; a sketch of his humane feelings has been already given ;—he felt for the woes of his fellow-creature ; he rejoiced with the joyous, and lamented with the sorrowful :—Alas ! What are all the endowments of man, if he wants conduct ?

As a fine building, without a chimney,  
or

\*



or as a summer-house, without a ventilator!—The Captain wanted this:—

He had been many voyages to the Coast of Guinea; in which trips he exercised his authority with too much rigour,—and although in the mean, he was a worthy character, his impetuous temper often brought him within the limits of just reprehension,—for he used those periods to the worst of purposes, namely, to the encrease of his enemies; nor were any voyages completed without a prosecution for his cruelty against his seamen.

A lodging at the best Inn, was had for 6  
the

the whole of the travelling company ;—  
 but ere they were seated, two lieutenants,  
 who were now in the navy, who before  
 had known the weight of Rice's hand,  
 were eye-witnesses of his presence, and  
 upon deliberate council, were resolved  
 to chastise, by way of retaliating dues,  
 the score that was justly due to him.

Scarcely were refreshments served, ere  
 the commissioned officers made their abrupt  
 entrance,—and in an angry tone,  
 desired Rice to ask their pardon for his  
 former wanton exercises of cruelty.

To which Captain Rice, with all the  
 courage of an Englishman, denied the  
 charge;

charge ; and, also refused the penance, was his life to forfeit the omission ;—so much he disdained abject submission :—A fracas ensued ;—our travellers were a second time obliged to act on the defensive order, and gained a complete victory over their opponents.

The mayor of this ancient city, (or as it is rated, a town) restrained all parties from further contentions, which were omitted until a further opportunity.

Captain Rice having ceased hostilities, with a good grace, yet not without being under great obligations to Mr. Simkins, who shewed an intrepid spirit on the occasion,

caſion, ſo that a particular intimacy commenced between our Hero and the Captain.

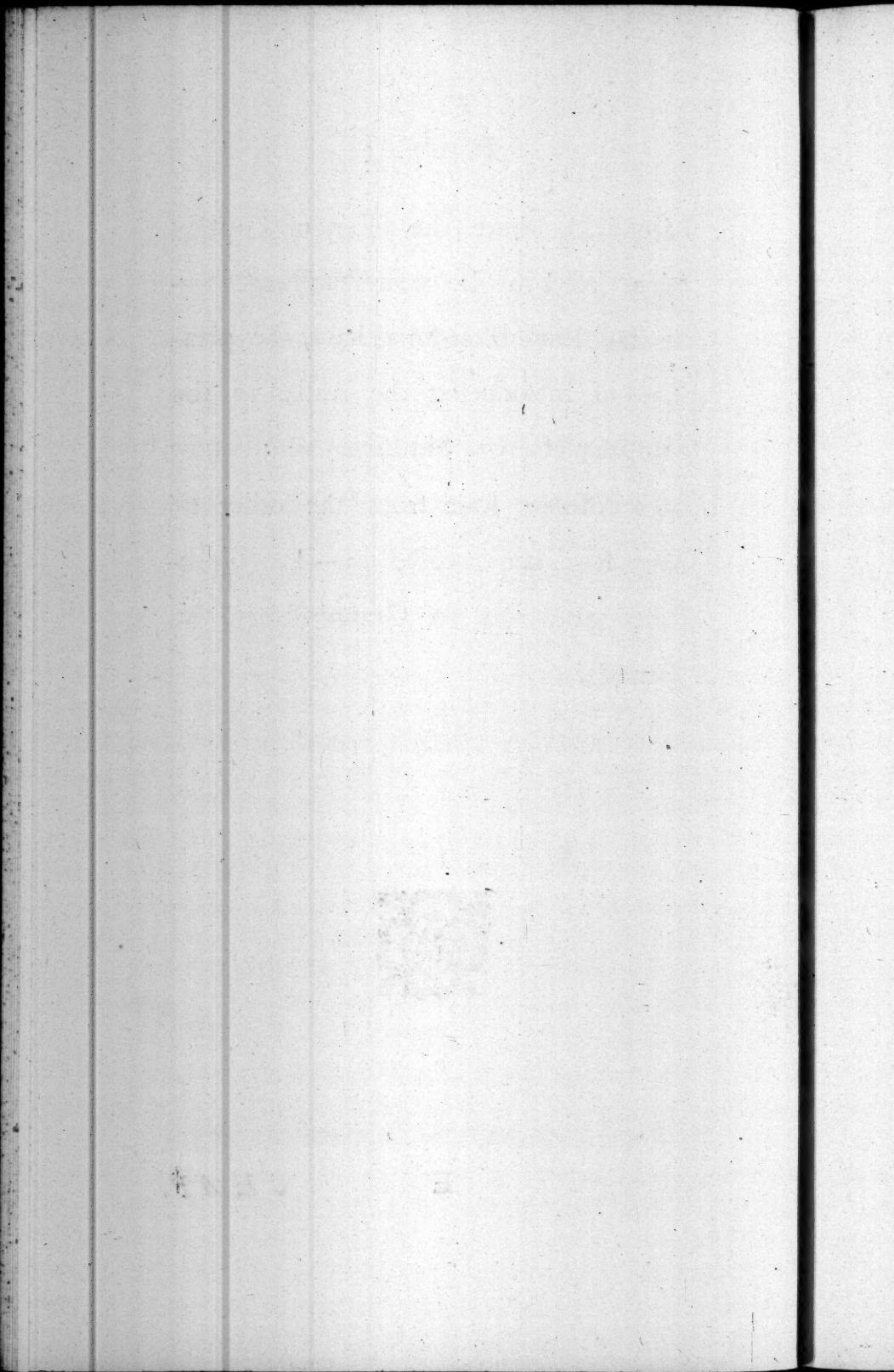
They took their ſeats for Litchfield, and arrived there without any material circumſtance, ſave only the coach being broke down, but without any other danger than a fright to Miſs Finch, who had hitherto kept up her ſpirits with a becoming chearfulneſs ; nor was ſhe in any ſort neglected by our Hero, who conducted himſelf towards that lady, with all the politeneſs, attention, and love imaginable.

Being now arrived within the city of  
Litch-



Litchfield, where the sister of Captain Rice, lived in the greatest affluence ;— we shall leave them, and have the pleasure of introducing the reader to the company of Mrs. Simkins, who is now on a different scale from the order we have seen her revolve in,—for Grubstreet gave way to Grafton-street, St. James's.





C H A P. XIX.

*SAY* fortune—why thus fickle ?  
*You've* giv'n much—I ask'd but mickle ;  
*Semper paratus*, is thy cup,  
*Give me my potion—I'll drink it up!*

ANON.

*To die!*——*to sleep:*——  
*Perchance to dream?*——

SHAKS.

What the Reader least expected.

**M**ADAM fortune—Why thus disturb me at this hour of night ?—says the brave Duke of Ormond, when the king's

E 2

messen-

messenger gave him intelligence of his being attainted.

The brave consider all terrestrial vicissitudes on the same scale, whether trivial, important, or of consequence ;—nor fall beneath the pressure of the most direful calamity,—nor yet receive the slightest notice, without a due regard to the consequences ;—hence the regularity—the fortitude—the calm serenity under all denominations of trial.

But the opposite passion is more dangerous, for—

Joy like a torrent drowns its votaries—

They



They sink invisible—and never rise :

None escape the gulph !——

CAR.

'Squire Pinto, a native of Venice, but a resident here for many years, having no issue, or any relative in England, left his house and furniture to Mrs. Simkins, who for many years had been his occasion nurse in illness, at different periods.

Mrs. Simkins being in possession of a noble mansion, well furnished—with the sum of one thousand pounds, was now only unhappy to find out her son ; for having purchased a ticket, she was the fortunate holder of twenty thousand

E 3                      pounds

pounds—so that Madam, in her old age, became a lady !

In vain she sought for son ; and having a tender regard for him, she set out for the Capitol of Ireland ; and actually arrived in that city, without being able to hear any thing of Sam.

It is worthy of remark, that the worthy dame was so elated on her late rise from penury and indigence, that had not the loss of her son alleviated the height of her joy, she would have fallen a sacrifice to this passion.

One evening, as the goodly parent of

our

our hero, was traversing the boasted square of the natives of Dublin, called St. Stephen's Green, the mall of such public walk, gave her an opportunity to mix with some ladies of the drama, who had come over as recruits from London, for the Irish stage ; amongst whom was Miss Brett, who had been a particular intimate of Mr. Simkins.—

The same country was a sufficient inducement for an acquaintance ; and as Mrs. Simkins had but little knowledge of the politeffe, she was the more easy induced to become an acquaintance, not only this of lady, but also of several other females in the same profession.

For the first time in her life, Mrs. Simkins found herself, (through the politeness of Miss Brett) in the front boxes of the Theatre-Royal;—for in reality, she appeared like the Afs in the Lion's skin; for, notwithstanding her dress was in every respect becoming her age and rank in life, yet she wanted that ease, manners, and carriage, which persons who have been used to revolve in the higher spheres of life, are acquainted with; which comes at an easy pace with the early state of affluence, and which, penured or upstart pride can never attain to; so that the poor Taylor's relict, sat as upon thorns, during the performances of the night, and was happy to be released



leased, on the dropping of the curtain ;  
after which time she repaired to her  
lodgings, and took with her the cele-  
brated Miss Brett, to supper ;—whose  
stay shall be the subject of a subsequent  
chapter.





CHAP XX.

*TRUTH may be blamed,  
But can't be ashamed.*

LITCHFIELD CHRONICLE;

OR,

ADVENTURES IN STAFFORDSHIRE.

“**F**IVE to four they can't find us  
“ here,”—says Dick Edwards to Miss  
Frail.

“ Very like,” says the lady, “ but  
“ how are we to be supported here ?—  
“ that is the question !”

“ Why

“ Why faith,”—says Dick—“ I don’t  
 “ know as to that ;—but until your en-  
 “ quiry on this head, I had never given  
 “ it a thought.”

“ Why fir, you must have been re-  
 “ mifs indeed.”——

“ Yes, madam, I have, I must own—  
 “ for I might, indeed, have pocketed  
 “ Lord Dupe’s affront of the Rollo.”——

“ Hang your Rollos !—I wish I had  
 “ never known your face :—I am now  
 “ shut out from every thing—my virtue,  
 “ stained—and my——”

“ Your



“ Your virtue !—he ! he ! he ! good-  
“ nefs me,—what next ?”

“ Thou villain !——filence thy bafe  
“ tongue—Is it for this I gave thee up  
“ my virgin treasure ?”

“ Thy virgin treasure !—Good lack !  
“ What’s all this about ?”

“ I’ll have thee fecured, villain !—  
“ Dost thou not think thy person is in  
“ my power ?—but be affured——”

“ That, baggage, I fhall leave thee  
“ here——”

“ Murder !

“ Murder !—Murder !—Murder !”

[*Enter Landlord—Tapster—with divers  
others.*]

*Land.* “ Pray what’s the matter ?”—

*Miss F.* “ Enough—I’ll assure you.”

*Dick.* “ Nothing at all, only this lady  
“ is in an ill-humour.”—

*Land.* “ So am I,—therefore, be it  
“ what it will, pay me the amount of  
“ your bill, and find a residence else-  
“ where.”

This

This question brought Dick and the lady to their senses.—A scuffle ensued ; the noise whereof, brought together all the inmates of the Inn, wherein they were.—The landlord talked of swindling—confining—trying—casting—condemning—and a thousand such like threats ; but to subtract an integer from a fraction, was a secret unknown to poor Dick,—and the Landlord, who was an ill-natured surly fellow, was going to put his threats in execution, when our Hero recognized in the afflicted fair, the identical Mrs. Frail, who was the intimate of Mrs. Magpye, and a witness to his first Essay on the Doctrine of Faith without Works.—What a transport the

poor

poor lady felt on finding a friend at so critical a juncture—she almost swooned for joy.—But on Mr. Simkins casting his eyes on Dick, how was he surprised, to see the only son of a man of fortune at Bath, in such a predicament—the heir of 'Squire Edwards, of the Crescent !

Dick shook his friend by the hand, and seemed exceedingly embarrassed to be found in such a situation.

The Landlord finding his error, made an aukward bow, and retired.

Our Hero replenished the exhausted purse of his friend ; and as they sat over  
a bottle



a bottle of wine, Captain Rice returned, with a request that the gentleman and lady would do his sister the honor of a visit; but ere he had done speaking, he flew to Mrs. Frail, and cried out—"my dearest sister!" and with a kind embrace took her to his bosom.

The poor creature was so much overcome, that she fainted in his arms,—but by the timely assistance of Miss Finch and our Hero, she recovered from her paroxysm.

It is needless to recount the tender expressions that passed between Mrs. Frail and her brother, whose history shall be

F

made

made known to the reader in its proper place.

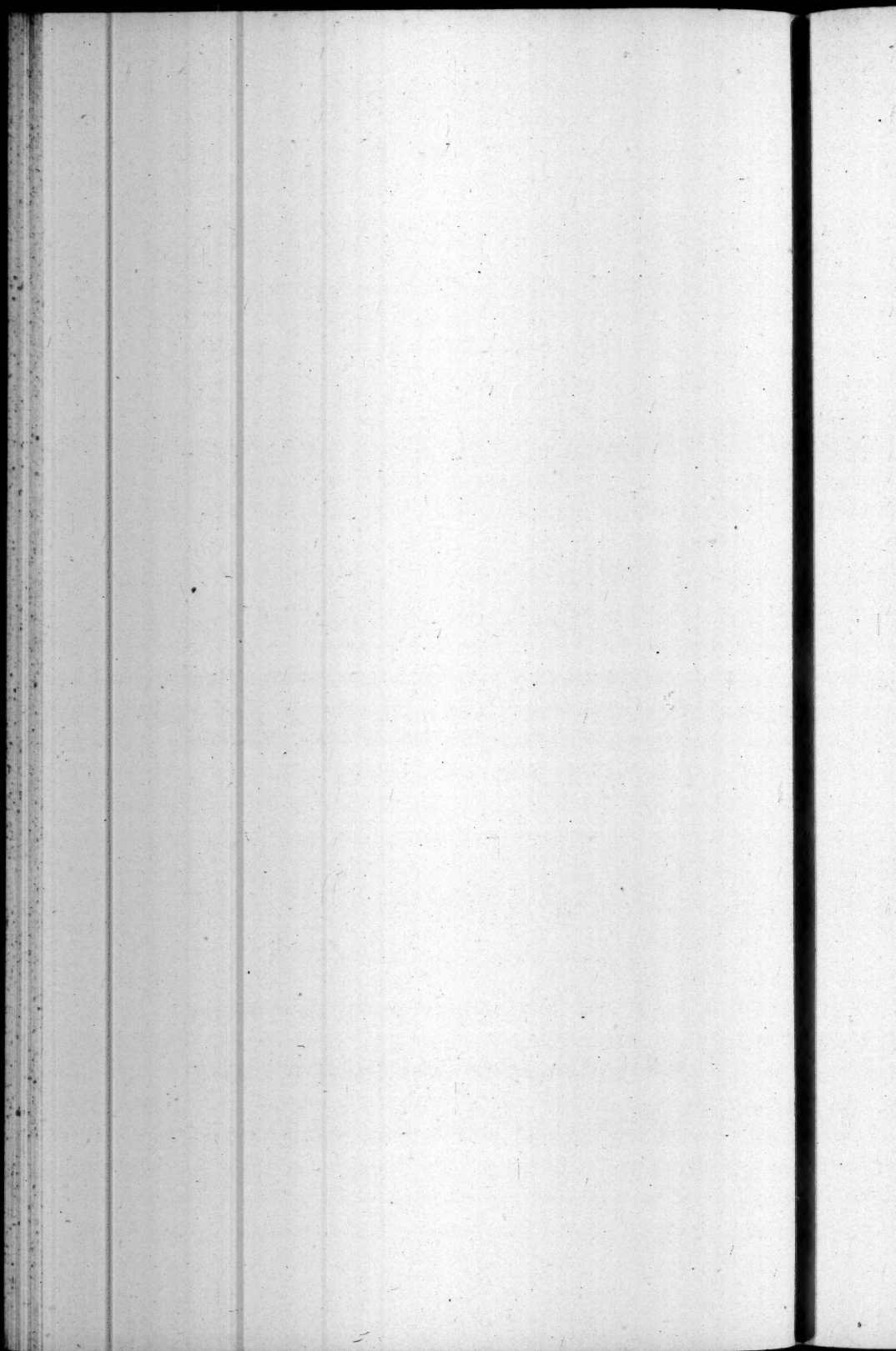
All parties removed to the Close, in the City of Litchfield, where Mrs. Ramus received all her guests with a great deal of politeness; but a sight of a long lost sister most singularly affected her, for she almost lost her reason, on seeing her who was so near a relation, and whom she had numbered with the dead for some years.

But by attentive care, she was restored to her senses—and after a minute detail of circumstances from all parties, it was resolved and agreed upon, that Miss Finch

Finch should remain at Mrs. Ramus's, until Mr. Simkins's return from London—having nearly come to his last guinea, therefore an addition became absolutely necessary to recruit his diminishing stock.

Accordingly the next day, the whole company parted—some to fulfill their engagements, at Dublin, and others at London.

Amongst those to the latter was our Hero and Captain Rice, attended by his crew to set forth the particulars of the vessel, he lately commanded, to his owners.





CHAP XXI.

*Necessity,—Thou strange Interloper—wither come ?—*

DALR.

*From dire Necessity—the inventive Pow'r,  
Brought forth Genius and Knowledge in an  
Hour !*

ANON.

*We Scheme—Contrive—and find out Arts,  
By keen Necessity, know our Parts.*

GAY.

The Schemer proceeds in his Ways and Means—  
and a lucky Escape—with other Particulars—  
natural towards the Conclusion.

**T**WICE the merit of Homer,  
Milton, and Shakespear !' says Mr. Dab-  
ble in a Coffee-house, near the Temple.

“ In what ? ” rejoined Jack Sprightly.

“ Every thing,” says Dabble.

“ That’s nothing ! ” replied Sprightly.

“ Read his works ?——”

“ What works ?——”

“ His Dictionary——his Poets——his  
“ Dramatic Criticism,——”

“ Hold——enough.——He, like all  
“ other Commentators, has confounded  
“ the original text with novel thesis—  
“ which, instead of elucidating, serve to  
“ darken the Author’s meaning ;—and  
“ as to criticism, its a pity all the tribe  
“ who

“ who profess it, were not treated as

“ Dennis the Tide Surveyor was——”

“ How was that ?——”

——Says Dabble with some emotion.—

“ The benefit of the Pump, ad-

“ minstered to relieve the distemper of

“ his Brain, by a cold bath upon his

“ pericranium——”

——Says Sprightly——

“ That’s false !——”

——Interrupted Dabble——

“ So are you !——”

—Says Sprightly—

“ Don’t repeat fuch words again, or  
 “ was you a Puff-paragraph Writer to  
 “ all the papers in the *World*, instead of  
 “ The *WORLD*, I would chastise you !”

—Says Dabble—cracking his fingers,  
 fomewhat in the stile of Fielding’s Parson  
 Adams :—

Sprightly rejoined—or what is called  
 a Nullity, in pleadings of Common Law,  
 he demurred, and confessed the Bill at  
 the same time, by the following striking  
 words :—

“ Why



“ Why, Mr. Dabble, was you an  
 “ hireling of all the Executors in the  
 “ nation, I should not mind your men-  
 “ aces—not that I deny Doctor John-  
 “ son’s merit—but then to raise one  
 “ man’s fame at the expence of another  
 “ —betrays in the eulogist a meanness,  
 “ that shews a want of originality—for  
 “ Johnson was great in some things—  
 “ but not in all—therefore to sacrifice  
 “ the three greatest Poets, the world ever  
 “ produced, at his shrine, would be base,  
 “ cruel and villainous—and should you,  
 “ or any scribbling Novel Writer, (the  
 “ mere work of woman) dare to chal-  
 “ lenge me, here I am !”

Upon

Upon so saying, he clenched his fist—  
and with a resolute air, looked Dabble  
full in the face.—

Mr. Dabble was by this time more collected—he only answered :—

“ Well !——Well !”——And immediately paid his reckoning (three-pence) and marched out with a solemn step, not unlike the Ghost in Hamlet.

Our Hero, who was but just arrived in town, and had come in hither to refresh himself, was an eye-witness to the whole of the dispute, between the Knights of  
the

the Goose-Quill—for the angry gents were both Authors !—

One a strong Johnsonian, the other a rank Querist,—therefore as opposite in their Literary Creed as, Whig and Tory. —After an hour's warm confab in the Coffee-room, by various speakers on both sides of the question—it was admitted that Queryism is an useful Science, and a sound doctrine to oppose Dogmatical Principles of Criticism—only one voice dissenting—which, by his grey-beard and white wig, he was known to be a R —r, aye, the very spouse of Mrs. Venomall !—Hisses and groans obliged him to retire,—yet not before he declared  
that

that the R——rs were the Judges of the  
Public—i. e. The public are not capable  
of judging for themselves !

“ What effrontery ! ”—Says our Hero,  
“ Do those fellows, whose paucity of  
“ ideas are confined to half-a-dozen  
“ Sciences at most, pretend to lead the  
“ public as babes in swadling cloaths ?  
“ —I declare I should like to commence  
“ Author, to present them to the *Public*  
“ to review.”

“ Would you ? ”—Says Counseller  
Bubble—who was lately silenced by that  
awful tribunal, the C——l R——w.

“ Yes,



[ '95 ]

“ Yes, I declare I should.”—Says  
Mr. Simkins.

“ Agreed.”—Says the Counfeller—  
giving him a card of his address—and  
requesting his company to breakfast—  
and left the room soon after.

No sooner was this gentleman gone,  
than a Doctor of Physic, without the  
formality of the diploma, who was  
licenced at one pound one—to kill, cure,  
and restore to life, or assist with death,  
as many of his Majesty's subjects, as were  
willing to be led by the nose, and part  
with their money.

A bottle

A bottle of wine was called for, our Hero treated with a share—a proposal made—an alliance offensive and defensive offered—that is to say—to write down all opposition to the Panacea or Catholicon of this empiric—agreed to—and next day a meeting had for the purpose.

Hear this, O ye Schemers !—The son of a Taylor, engaged in the triple capacity of—

A LAWYER,

A DOCTOR OF PHYSIC,

AND

AN AUTHOR.

By

By Counsellor Bubble's advice (and  
 purse) Mr. Simkins was entered in the  
 \* \* \* \* Temple, and, at his request,  
 the Hero of our History commenced  
 Author, and finished a literary production  
 in one month, that would do honour  
 even to the Herculean Studies of John-  
 son—with notes *Critical, Historical* and  
*Explanatory*, on a work of 2 vols 8vo. en-  
 titled, “The Manners, Customs, and re-  
 “ligious Ceremonies of the Inhabitants  
 “of the Planet Mercury, which revolves  
 “on his own axis every three hours, and  
 “through the circle of his orb in sixty  
 “three days, five hours, fourteen mi-  
 “nutes, and seven seconds,” which was  
 feigned to be a translation of that great  
 Astronomer

Astronomer Copernicus, with the notes of Sir Isaac Newton—and the criticism and historical accounts of Baron Swedenburg.—Thus the *old ones* were taken in,—and in the end Counsellor Bubble was restored from the spell of those wizards of the age—and in his turn laughed at their ignorance and folly—so that our hero gained applause throughout the Cities of London, Westminster, and Borough of Southwark.





C H A P. XXII.

*He whose Fortune's spent, and Credit gone,  
Must try those Means, by Ways more than  
one.*

DEN.

Company are introduced—but none save those the  
Reader has been acquainted with at a former  
Period.

ABOUT three months elapsed,  
whilst our Hero was exercising all his  
functions, yet never lost sight of a weekly  
pacquet, to and from Litchfield-Close;  
and took care to remit to his intended, a  
supply for all necessaries she should want.

G

Having

Having prepared a Work in five acts, for a dramatic representation, he was rather diffident, until the Doctor (his partner) gave him a hint that Sir Thomas Sapsull would be glad to see him, on some business of consequence—and that he was a proper person to apply to on the occasion, as he had great influence on the Managers of both Theatres.

Mr. Simkins took the hint—he paid his court to this mock patron of literature, being well prepared by Dr. Slop—nor was the Baronet less ceremonious, for he received him as a second Crichton, therefore judged it found policy to avoid the pen of so able a satyrist as our Hero.

The

The piece was produced, and received extremely well by the Town, to which the Sapsull interest did not a little contribute, and put several hundreds into the pockets of the Author.

All things bore a face of prosperity with our Hero—and would have probably so continued, had not Mrs. Magpye cast a wanton eye on our Hero, and at an unguarded hour, seized him by surprise—and as the truth was, ravished him at the unlucky juncture that Saturn, that malevolent Planet entered into conjunction with Venus—so that Sir Thomas Sapsull came in the chamber ere the dread scene was finished !

Blush ye lilies !—turn pale ye roses !—  
Sink into your originality ye specious  
brothels !—revert the order of nature,  
and make dark the fatal hour of this  
transaction.—Mid-day !—alas !—Sol's  
greatest altitude the hour—the minute  
of this unravelled plot !

What was the consequence ? you will  
ask—Why it was this——

The whole fury of the enraged Sap-  
scull, poured down unmixed, upon the  
heads of both these guilty persons ; nay  
not a friend of the Sapsull interest, but  
did their best and worst to level the  
shrine erected in all public assemblies, to  
the genius of our Hero.

But



But as Dame Fortune always is in motion, it could not be supposed but things would take a different turn.—A counsel was held—and Mrs. Magpye, with all the innocence of a Nun of St. Catharine's, approached her incensed keeper, when a little cringing and whining had the desired effect ;—she claimed a kindred of a cousin to our Hero, which fully satisfied the Baronet that nothing more than a tete-a-tete, as *near* relations took place—approved—passed—a pardon—and all things resumed their usual harmony.

What a contented race the ancient family of the Sapsculls are of !—Thrice

happy nation to be blessed with such a name—for no other kingdom can claim that honor but a British Coast !

Mr. Simkins, by his extraordinary talents, in six months realised a thousand pounds, besides all his expences, both in Town and Country ; but not having received a letter, for two succeeding weeks, he wrote to Mrs. Ramus, who gave him in answer, the following letter ;—which to satisfy the reader, that there was a mystery in the ancient City, and that within the circle of the Cathedral Church, we shall lay the whole before him, her, or them—so that they may be able to judge for themselves.

“ Sir,

“ Sir,

“ *W*ORDS are wanting

“ to convey to you my surprize, when I  
 “ understood Miss Charlotte Finch did not  
 “ arrive in Town :—She left this City for  
 “ that express purpose,—and went from  
 “ hence with the person you had sent to  
 “ conduct her safe to Town.

“ If my services can render you any  
 “ satisfaction, you may command them at  
 “ all times.

“ I expect Captain Rice to this City from  
 “ Ireland, whither he is gone in quest of  
 “ his old master, that is to say, the Governor  
 “ General of one of the West-India Islands

“ —he his now raised to a Peerage, and  
“ bears the title of Lord Elmsly.

“ Had her relations known where to  
“ send to her, I should suspect them, but in  
“ the present complexion of things it re-  
“ quires a speedy attention.

“ A lady of your name (Simkins) is now  
“ at my house, sick—last from Dublin, but  
“ is a native of London.

“ I am, Sir,

“ S. Simkins, Esq.

“ Your humble Servant,

“ Grace Ramus.”



C H A P. XXIII.

A Sort of a Delay—a pretty Method to try the  
Reader's Patience.

*WE never break our Word with the Reader  
—a promise of Miss BRETT's History  
was made sometime ago—we are deter-  
mined to perform that promise.*

**M**ISS Brett, is the only child of  
'Esquire Brett, of Saxony-Park, near  
Ludlow ;—at the early age of sixteen  
she was rated as a toast of the first rank.  
—Amongst a crowd of admirers, none  
were more solicitous than the two sons of  
Lord.

Lord Railton :—She out of a due respect for them both, denied their suit, but in vain—the elder was strenuous—and the younger assiduous and attentive—the latter was her favorite.

Her father gave the elder his concurrence, but denied the younger admittance :—the brothers became envious—sorrowful to relate, and in a duel the elder fell.

The younger was obliged to fly, tho' not before he had found means to beguile the heart of Miss Brett, and left her evident tokens of his intercourse ;—and on the appearance of which she was banished  
her

her home, and sent a wanderer into an inhospitable World—yet the providence of the wise Creator made her a provision; for a farmer, who held a piece of ground from her father, succoured her,—and secretly keeps the fruit of her connection with the young nobleman.

Lord Railton having died some few weeks ago;—the heir has returned, and assumed his father's titles, honors, and estate—he has found out his dearest Sally, and now she is the thrice happy Lady Railton, all her tears are dried up, and all stains are washed away;—her parents have acknowledged her, and all is well.

To

To this lady has the charming Miss Finch flown for succour, from the base practices of Dick Edwards, who is now married to Miss, or rather Mrs. Frail, the sister of Captain Rice.

Having also declared we were ready and willing to say something of the adventures of that lady, we shall briefly relate all the anecdotes we are acquainted with.

Miss Frail, whose real name is Clarissa Rice, is the daughter of Dr. Rice, late an eminent Physician, at Bath, where she was brought up; and being the youngest child received a greater indulgence than  
did



did her any service—for she was brought up extremely tender,—yet, genteel, elegant, and thoroughly accomplished.

Dr. Rice having proposed she should have the son of a medical gentleman, of great repute—a friendly footing was kept up for the purpose ;—at her attaining her seventeenth year, at which period she was to be married—but ere she arrived at the extent of her sixteenth, this genius, Mr. Edwards, who was then under age, gained his point ; and she disclosed the secret of her naughtiness.—The doctor removed her to London, to preserve his reputation, and there she was delivered of a fine child some years since.

Doctor

Doctor Rice died soon after,—and leaving but trifling effects behind him,—Clarissa thus became a burden to her friends—under this predicament she did not know how to act :—She offered herself as a servant, and happily closed with the lady of Mr. Alderman Noodle ; but upon the death of that lady, became his house-keeper ; and was indulged with a handsome salary, as before related, without any criminal intercourse, except external forms,—and would have enjoyed it longer, had not her love caused her imprudence, by giving Mr. Edwards her place of abode.

Upon which he came to town—and  
in

in the hasty manner before related, removed her to Litchfield, without money, cloaths, or consideration.

Mr. Edwards, convinced of his error, gave his hand to Miss Rice, and now she is his wife—his father is dead, and he enjoys a plentiful estate, and has brought home his child,—and will very probably, make an excellent husband, notwithstanding his former wild habits.

Miss Finch having so singularly taken the desires of Mrs. Edwards as well as her husband, that she imprudently gave a sanction to the false message in the name of our Hero, to invite Charlotte to  
town ;

town; but upon her being undeceived by Edwards, she flew from such danger, and by the favourable word of a Doctor of Divinity, found a sanctuary at Lady Railton's, until she should be able to find Mr. Simkins out—having lost all her letters and papers of direction, by leaving them at Mr. Edwards's; whether she would not venture for them, as she conceived no favorable opinion of either of those characters.

For agreeably to the received opinion “Rakes and Debauchers make good husbands—and loose-moralled females good wives,”—but with Hobnail and Nell, we are inclined to think——

Once



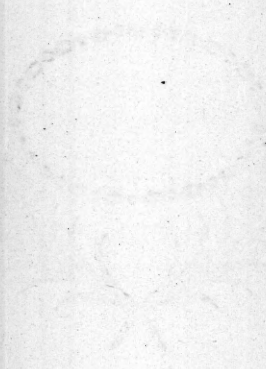
Once a rake—a rake for ever—  
To reform a jilt, takes for ever.

DEN. ANON. TALES.



H

CHAP.



CHAP.

II

C H A P. XXIV.

*THE last so sweet, agreeable in Taste,  
Pray let's have it all—there's none to waste.*

DER.

*The last is best—because there's no more.*

SHENS.

The most agreeable Account of any Chapter in the  
Book, because it's the Last.

**W**E suppose the Reader quite calm  
and good-natured, as we draw towards  
the concluding page,—which unravels  
the secrets, and brings all things to an  
issue.

The letter our Hero received from Mrs. Ramus, gave him a great deal of uneasiness—he disengaged himself from all other pursuits, except that of pursuing after his dearest Charlotte—but did not fail to write the same day to Mrs. Ramus—and therein acquainted her he had lost his mother ; but as she was a poor woman, he could not suppose the lady at her house was any relation of his.

He was absorbed in thought—when a man-servant, in a rich livery, waited on him with a letter,—and gave him to understand his presence was immediately required, at a particular house in Grafton Street, St. James's.



He discharged the servant with a verbal message, as he was rather indifferent about the fulfilling the command of a person, whom he judged he knew nothing of—so that he appointed a late hour in the evening for the purpose of closing with the request.

Whilst he was musing on the singularity of the requisition, a second letter was delivered, requesting his company to dinner—which served to embarrass him completely—so that he knew not what to think ; however, he dismissed the servant with a written answer, to the effect following.

H 3

“ *Madam,*

“ *Madam,*

“ *I HAVE received two*  
“ *Letters, commanding my attendance—*  
“ *to the last I answer, I shall do myself*  
“ *the honor of waiting on you to dinner.*

“ *I am,*

“ *Your humble Servant,*

Temple,  
Tuesday Noon.

“ *Samuel Simkins.*”

“ *P. S. 'Tis hoped no evil design in*  
“ *intended.*”

At

At three o'clock, our Hero set out for the appointed place.—He arrived, and was ushered in by Mrs. Ramus,—which created a great deal of amazement :—Here his astonishment was risen beyond all bounds ;—the parlour door opened, and he discovered his Mother—his dear Charlotte—Captain Rice—and a strange Nobleman.

Heavens, what joy !—what embraces !—what gladness !—what a piece of intelligence—although not known to any, the scheme of bringing them together, save by Captain Rice, and his sister Mrs. Ramus.—Tears of joy flowed with abundance.—The good stranger em-

H 4

braced

braced our Hero, as soon as Charlotte and Mrs. Simkins had done, and blessed him as his son,—and discovered himself to be Lord Elmly, the father of Charlotte Finch.

Mrs. Simkins, paid into her son's hands, twenty thousand pounds,—the produce of her ticket—and reserved to herself, the mansion and the furniture; also, a thousand pounds—and devised the freehold to her son, after her decease.

Lord Elmly directed a special licence to be got, and paid down a portion of fifty thousand pounds with his daughter—and took up the property for her,



her, that was left by Mrs. Bamfield in her Will.

By a free consent, our Hero became possessed of one of the finest women in England—to whom he makes an excellent husband—and behaves with love and respectful duty to his father and mother, who all live together in unity, harmony, and love.

Lord Emsly's title and estate, on his demise, devolves to Mr. Simkins, who, agreeable to the act passed for that purpose, has changed his name to Finch.

The sweet tempered lady, his consort,  
is

is a pattern for piety, peace, and domestic happiness—and is in all her ways unfashionably attentive to the duties of her family;—and may all our fair readers take example by so bright a constellation as this lady—which has been the sport of time, the delight of envy, and the food of detraction—but now she is in possession of all the opposite virtues, which in all human probability, she will only lose with her life.—As for her malignant cousin Mrs. Venomall, she is as she deserves, daily stung by a wretch of the same limited conceptions as herself, enjoying the true punishment of envy—which constantly stings its possessors.

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